

The SL Arts and Life Magazine

# rez

a u g u s t 2 0 1 2

## CIRCE REMEMBERS

with Jullianna Juliesse

## WINTER NIGHTFIRE

with Flor Nachtigal

## Jaynine Scarborough

interviewed by Jami Mills

## SHOPPING

with the Perfect Gentleman

poetry/fiction



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## About the Cover:

Flor Nachtigal captures Circe Broom in a pensive moment as she recalls the the early days of SL and the beginning of the music and spoken word tradition which Circe was instrumental in nurturing. See "Circe Remembers" inside.







*Belladonna Couture*





## Editor's Note

a u g u s t r e z

By Flor Nachtigal

Dear Friends,

From time to time I get drawn into discussions about what people's motivations are to come into Second Life and spend a significant portion of their time here. I maintain that no one who makes a commitment to a virtual world does so because their RL is wonderful and without problems. On the contrary, some of the people I have come to admire most in SL face very significant challenges in RL. And in a similar vein, it has been a long time since I lost someone close to me in RL, but both my early SL mentors have died. Second Life appears to isolate us from the trials and tribulations of RL, but arguably, the opposite is true. They are so much closer.

This theme of RL hardship spilling over into SL is the driving force behind our opening article Circe Remembers. Circe Broom is the winner of the LEMA Lifetime Achievement Award, a pioneer and promoter of SL live music and spoken word performance. After years of tireless work, her declining health has forced her to withdraw from most of her SL activities. In the opening article of this issue, she tells her story to her friend, rez writer, poet and spoken word performer Jullianna Juliesse.

Jami Mills tells a story of past glory and resurgence in her interview with live performer jaynine Scarborough. The final art-related feature for this issue is my portrait of the art and community activities of the painter Winter Nightfire.

I'm very happy to announce that the rant has returned to rez. "The girl" Jullianna Juliesse opines again, with her characteristic biting wit, this time about the antics of today's crop of SL newbies. Meanwhile, the Perfect Gentleman, Harry Bailey, went in search of a new wardrobe and encountered an odd collection of pitfalls; see his column The Gentleman Speaks for details.

As usual, our issue is rounded out by two pieces of creative writing, this time the 100-word story Toot by Crap Mariner and the poem Nude on the Wall by RoseDrop Rust.

Enjoy!

Flor Nachtigal  
Editor-in-Chief



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# Circe Rememb

by Jullianna Juliesse





A couple in formal wear are dancing in front of a large, ornate, golden structure that resembles a phoenix or eagle sculpture. The woman is wearing a black strapless dress and a necklace, and the man is wearing a white shirt and a dark vest. The background is a bright, golden light, possibly a sunset or sunrise. The word "ers" is visible in the top left corner.

# ers

**Pioneer.** Tireless supporter of the arts. Goddess. Legend. Friend.

Circe Broom is all of these things, and more. Simply said, any musician playing live in SL and any poet reading today is here because of Circe's legacy of innovation, mentoring, unflinching commitment, and ceaseless promotion of music and the spoken word.

When Circe first came to Second Life in 2004, live music was nonexistent. Voice chat didn't exist, so poetry readings were not even attempted. But Circe had a vision. In her earliest days, she worked as a dancer, saved her Lindens, and purchased land. She hosted. She built. She networked. She became a DJ, and the magic began.



Over the years, Circe created an empire that included at its apex no fewer than four music venues, as well as a separate venue for spoken word readings. Sunset Jazz, founded 8 years ago and still presenting some of the finest entertainment on the grid, is the oldest venue in all of SL. Circe is single-handedly responsible for discovering and nurturing some of SL's favorite musicians and poets — and is indirectly responsible for everyone else.

I was fortunate to meet Circe Broom about six months ago, and since then I've been blessed to have her as a close friend. For Circe, this journey has been more than running a business; it's been her vocation. When Circe chooses to work with someone, musician or poet, it's because she believes in their talent. She insists on only the best and fondly refers to us as "her poets" or "her musicians." We're not simply vehicles to stuff Lindens in her pocket; plain and simple, we matter.

Recently, illness has forced her to step down from the arduous and often expensive business of running a large network of venues. Those who know Circe well know that her health has become increasingly fragile, and that she's hanging on — day to day, week to week.

*JJ: So you've been doing this since when?*

CB: 2004!

*JJ: Wow, the really old days!*

CB: Yes ma'am, since before live music. At the beginning of being able to stream into SL, I was a DJ. Someday, I'll show you in voice how I identified my station: "This is Circe Broom on Wicked Karma LIIIIIVE!!" (chuckles). It was the biggest



one in SL, all OVER the grid! I played every kind of music, what people requested, but I was the FIRST person to stream independent musicians. Whenever I wasn't live, I looped every indy I could find; my station was streaming 24/7. It was called "Wicked Karma Live", but then when I could afford to run my own network it became "Circe's Circle Radio."

*JJ: What gave you the idea to stream live*



*musicians, as opposed to prerecorded music? It seems so obvious now, but was certainly innovative at the time.*

CB: Well, the idea came from my mind. I thought the musicians could get larger audiences if people heard them more. . . and I was right!

JJ: *Oh yes you were so right, girlfriend! Who was the first live musician you streamed?*

CB: Gosh, hold on; let me think. I collected a few musicians myself, from live concerts: Melvin Took, Juel Resistance, Komuso Tokagawa, Edward Lowell, Jeff Tully . . . they were some of the first. Oh and my god, I can't forget Astrin Few, THE very first live musician in here! Alas, I did not bring him, nor Frog, here;

they came on their own. The rest, I met them at the docks so to speak, coming from Paltalk and MacJams, and from Myspace, where I trolled for musicians.

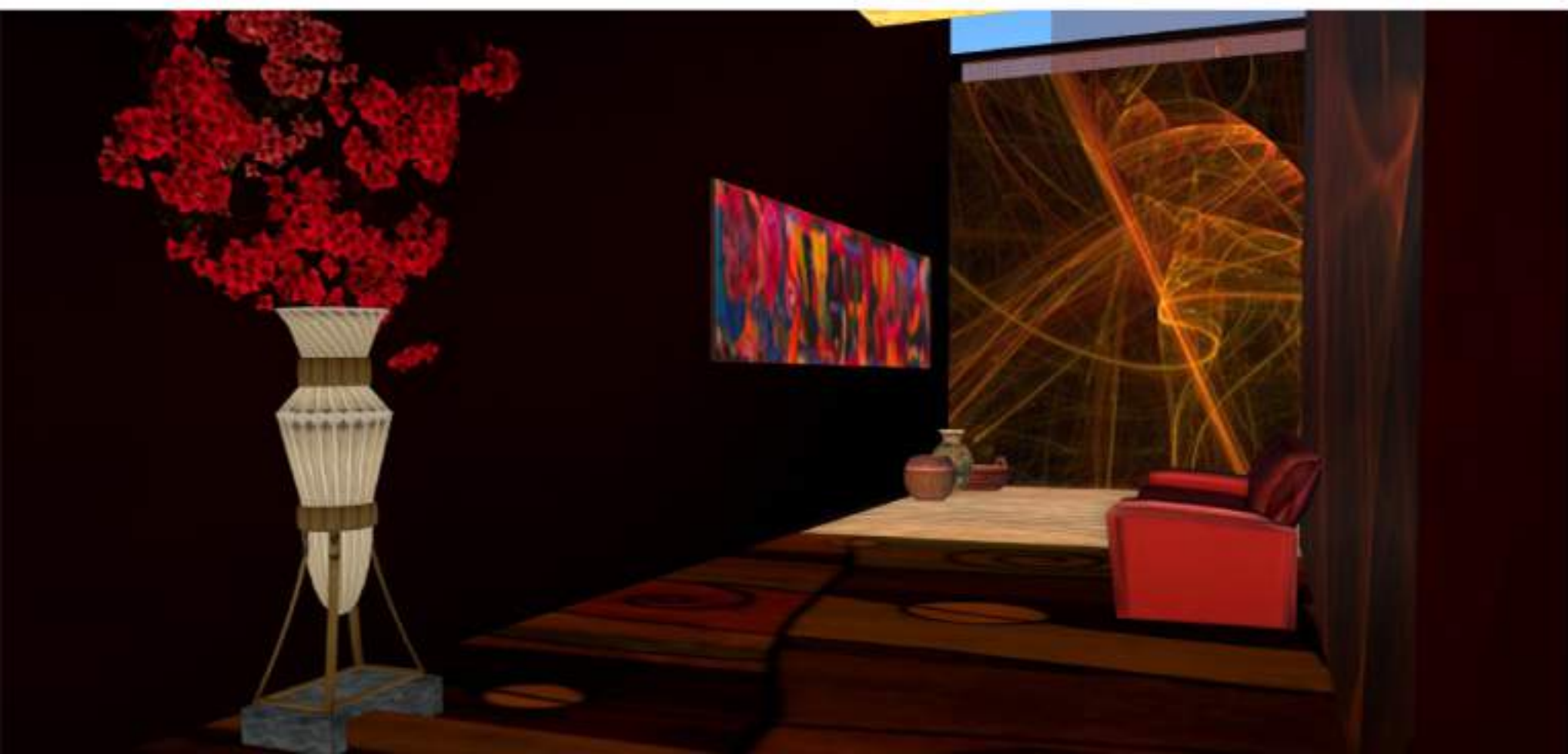
**I thought the musicians could get larger audiences if people heard them more. . . and I was right!**

JJ: *Ah, cross-platform pol-  
lenization. Clever you!*

CB: Yes! We lured them here, and I took hold and streamed them. It was an exciting and HARD time.

JJ: *What was difficult?  
The tech part?*

CB: Technical, definitely: teaching them to use SAM or NICECAST, and getting them to come away from IRC voice shit to a stream. The first place I ran live musicians, I named the "Gathering," because well, it was a gathering of musicians from all other places, as I mentioned earlier. They had to meet each other and us, and





get used to working together, and with streams. The first person I streamed live in SL was Frog Marlowe, still a great musician, because he already knew how to stream; he could be an example to others. And it worked. Now, my Edward Lowell, whom I had to teach to use SAM, hell, he can teach me things now! He now owns the Steam Team streams, whose streams I used for Circe's Circle Radio, and are still being used as such, up at Sunset Jazz Club.

*JJ: What are some of your fondest memories from your work?*

CB: Long ago, we did the first serial streaming; there were scads of us. We called it Metajam, and it was wonderful!

*JJ: Serial streaming?*

CB: Four or five of us streaming all together, from all corners of the world. It was fantastic.

*JJ: That sounds tricky. How did you sync it?*

CB: It was. Now people do it all the time, but usually only two people. Max Kleene makes a habit of it.

*JJ: Geez Circe, did you discover him too? (laughs)*

CB: I first streamed Max on

my Wicked Karma Live at the Hummingbird Cafe when I ran it on Monday nights. He still calls the Bird his home venue, and I always wonder if he remembers it was ME.

*JJ: He damn well better remember!*

CB: DimiVan Ludwig owned the Hummingbird. He is a friend of mine, a great musician himself.

*JJ: Have you ever performed in SL?*

CB: Lots of times as a DJ, but only once as a singer. But I was so dissatisfied with my backing tracks and at the time did not see karaoke as a viable option, so I just didn't do it anymore. I was well received by all . . . but myself.

*JJ: Now track singers are commonplace.*

CB: Yes, they are, and now I have no







breath to sing. I am comparable to Diana Krall, very much like her. But let me tell you about Didier Soyuz. I had a grand concert hall on Ratepoint Island. I worked for them for \$400 a week, and I hired musicians 5 times a week there in the Cafe for \$50 USD a show. Oooh, baby . . . those musicians loved me! I only used the best though.

*JJ: You always do.*

CB: Well, Ratepoint let me have a quarter of their island for my concert hall. It was huge, art deco style. I had classical music there, but then there was Didier. I let him do a rock opera there, and it was GRRRRRRREAT!

*JJ: There is something I've always wondered.... how did you find Rusty (musician and poet RoseDrop Rust)?*

CB: Rusty stumbled onto the Laurel Arts Isle blindly. Pannie Paperdoll and I were talking to him, and Pannie had to go. So I led Rusty up into the tower of my Isis temple. We sat, and I talked with him. He was so new, it was too hard to do anything else with him, because he could barely move.

*JJ: Yeah, we were all new once.*

CB: I learned about him and told him about me, and he came away with a poem that he wrote about me. And that was the beginning of a good friendship. I knew he could play music, and see? Rusty is unique, and I love that about him.

*JJ: Speaking of poetry, tell me about the start of spoken word readings in SL. How did they come about?*

CB: I was already doing live music when I



realized I missed some things I'd been doing in real life. We have a coffee shop on Main Street that has a garden and some seats/tables out there, and yes, we actually read poetry there. So, I decided we needed this in SL. A lady named Serene came into SL, and she loved poetry. She said she could ad-lib poetry, so I said, "Hey, let's put you on a mic up here in Sunset."

*JJ: Serene Bechir was the first poet? No way! She helped me get my start as a spoken word performer!*

CB: She was terrified at first. Voice chat didn't exist, so I showed her how to use the stream. I stood her on that stage right there (points across the Sunset), and said, "You talk for an hour, girl." And she did, and they loved it. I started doing poets down in my garden, but then I decided they needed a larger place, so I built a house for Serene and made her my poet laureate. I put those mushrooms out and a waterfall, called for poets, and that is how it began.

*JJ: The Sanctuary.*

CB: Yes!

*JJ: Who were some of the other early folks who read?*

CB: Well, Serene was first, but a lot of the people who are still about, all the standards: Klannex Northmead, Donjuan Writer, Sabreman Carter, Stosh Quartz, Leslye Writer. . . Oh, don't let me forget someone! But for awhile, there was just Serene.

*JJ: How did you promote poetry so that it developed a following? Sometimes, that can be a different crowd than music.*

CB: I did it by being me. I get excited about stuff, and I LOVE people. I love to open new vistas for them.

*JJ: Here is what I have noticed: You give people the tools and opportunities. The rest we have to do for ourselves.*

CB: And so many music lovers do not realize that they are simply listening to poetry with music written to it. They don't realize how beautiful spoken words can be. So with Serene at the beginning, I asked them to come listen to this lady. Listen! And they did. The word spread that some nerdy lady named Circe actually "liked" spoken word, so the spoken word folks crawled out of the woodwork and came to hear (laughs).

**Dammit, music and poetry can help make us better people.**



*JJ: That's how I found you all.*

CB: Well, I am good at PR if nothing else!

*JJ: Tell me how you select your artists and writers, Circe. You never stick to a particular genre it seems.*

CB: No, I love all music, so I cannot stick to one genre. I come from a family of opera singers and jazz singers. . . true story! And I pick people who are not "ticky tack" molded people.

*JJ: You said something to me yesterday, Circe. It touched me. You said, "Julie I want to live forever."*

CB: Well, I DO!

*JJ: Those who know you, and love you, know what's going on with your health,*

*and it frightens us. It is the elephant in the room. We all love you so much.*

CB: Thank you. But I want to beat it. I honestly believe that if enough people pray, or think for me to keep on hanging around longer, I COULD. I want to tell you all that I DO love you, that I have lived my life trying to do unto others as I would have them do unto me, and dammit, music and poetry can help make us better people.

*JJ: (Grabs a tissue.) Wait, there's no crying in music and poetry!!!!*

CB: RIGHT! And you know, it IS true that one never dies as long as she is remembered.

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Harry Bailey



**A**s we all eventually become aware while living our Second Lives, shopping is a critical event. Hand in hand with the shopping, of course, goes the searching. More so even than shopping in that other world, we have endless choices for our shopping trips along with endless sims working to attract our attention.

One of the most difficult tasks this perfect gentleman has faced since his first week inworld, is sorting out where to shop and exactly what to shop for. Should it really be this difficult to discover a great "Gentlemen's" clothing store? And, to make things worse, none of the usual brand names seems to exist in SL!

Let's try a nice business suit perhaps. My search for Brooks Brothers leads me to Brothers of Anarchy and Nightmare Brothers. While both are probably wonderful sims, I doubt they provide clothing acceptable in the boardroom.

Perhaps something a bit younger and more hip? My search for Aeropostale leads me to the Kappa Alogha Psi frat house in SL, an Adult-rated group. Somehow I suspect this is not going to provide me the selection I had expected and might have a negative impact on my gentlemanly image. I resist my inner voice that tells me that in the name of solid research for rez magazine I should

check out this site, and I move along in my search.

Perhaps I am being a bit demanding in my quest. Maybe if I just try for casual. Do I even dare to see what Banana Republic unleashes? Hmmmm....perhaps I am onto something here. I get a result for the Banana Galactic Republic, which makes the claim "We are fruit". Unfortu-





nately, this hit is a group and not an actual sim or shopping location. How is a fresh avatar in SL ever going to discover quality shopping without a personal shopping guide?

With that thought in mind, I decide to see what happens when I search for a personal shopper. Promising! I have 28 results at least. 4 Seasons, July independ-

ence day fireworks, I Am Body Beautiful fashion agency dedicated to fashion makeovers, SL travel agency, GAGA Gorgeous Modeling Agency? Okay, perhaps it is not my destiny to dump this task off to another. I am going to have to slog along on my own it seems.

This highlights a serious issue across all of SL, from my point of view anyway. The





# Menswear

search engines that mold and channel our paths across SL seem to be guided by some of the great Duggy Bing's animated primates. A joy to look at, but with a spirited humor lying in wait to surprise us in most unexpected ways.

What has happened to all those great creative fashion designers and clothing retailers here in the metaverse? From the day I set foot in SL it has been a huge challenge to search and actually find what one is looking for, at least for this ol' avatar. Things seem to be hidden behind a word of mouth marketing plan that requires you to associate with a quality group of well "traveled" friends who can guide you along your shopping paths.

Now, stepping away from my rant on searching in SL, let me compliment many fine SL retailers who have grown their businesses from the early days, and at the same time enhanced the shopping exper-

ience - especially for men. In those early days, men had about three clothing items to consider: the t-shirt; jeans; and grunge styles. Oh, and tuxedos were everywhere to be found simply due to the requirements of many of the better clubs.

My search for "men's shoes" reveals over 1,000 results and many fine choices on the first page. I select Hoorenbeek and teleport my gentlemanly soles over for some shopping!

Immediately the auto greeter informs me men's clothing is located on the first floor. Men's shoes are located on the second floor. My evil consumer mind quickly leaps to the conclusion that there must be more profit in men's clothes than in men's shoes. Have these people never heard of Nike, I wonder? I am, however, already positively impressed with this turn for the better in my shopping experience.



As I rezz, I find I have been teleported next to a selection of display footwear from the Hoorenbeek line. A nice athletic trainer, country and western boot, riding boot, and some boot in fur that appears designed for looks, not use. I mean really stiletto spike heels on a thigh-high winter boot? Who are we kidding here? But I digress. Sorry.

Making my way to the second floor I am amazed to discover a wide variety of available footwear. Second Life quickly brings me back to reality as I notice a disproportionate number of boots and athletic shoes on display. This seems somewhat ironic as it rarely rains in SL and I haven't seen a large number (any?) of basketball hoops or baseball fields around SL. Do we all just want to look manly I wonder?

I do uncover a few good pairs of dance shoes but my choices for color are apparently limited to black or brown. This seems a letdown for a technology that can deliver hair in fatpacks of a dozen shades and colors. What am I missing here? I trudge up to the third floor in hopes of being dazzled.

My stair climbing is rewarded as I am greeted with a kaleidoscope of color, shape and imagery. Unfortunately, that is because this floor is an art gallery. Well, they did tell me men's shoes were on the

second floor so what was I to expect? It would appear my shopping is just beginning and I shall have to search on for the shoes to make this gentleman appear perfect.

This trip suddenly reminds me of my hunt for a quality Halloween costume last fall. While entertaining, it too yielded a less than desirable outcome. Yet it did provide many interesting surprise twists and turns along the way. Perhaps I shall try again this next October for all you rez regulars. In the meantime, should you find yourselves dancing with this perfect gentleman, please, please try not to scuff my shoes, as finding quality replacements is still somewhat of a challenge. But who knows? I might try out a pair of those furry Cossack stiletto boots and live a night of danger and intrigue some night on the dance floor!







# Photography Jami Mills







# Thousand Rooms/ Thousand Songs

an interview with  
jaynine Scarborough

with Jami Mills









In 1901, Germans took the French-style cabaret and made it their own – the *Kabarett*. By the mid-1920s, the style came into its own in Weimar-Berlin, characterized by political satire, sketches and parodies, not to mention that dark, distinctly German humor. But what comes to most people's minds when they think of German cabaret are the sultry, bawdy and sometimes outlandish singers that thrilled, amused and seduced audiences from Hamburg to Munich. We needn't travel that far today to be transported back to that era. Not when jaynine Scarborough is performing at Thousand Rooms.



I first happened upon jaynine years ago when the wonderful sim, Thousand Rooms, flourished. In May 2008, jaynine created Thousand Rooms on the Normanisan North sim – and it quickly became a wonderful and vital center for SL arts and culture, a social gathering place for intelligent conversation, as well as a romantic hideaway. I don't remember how or when I first visited Thousand Rooms, but I was immediately en-

chanted: lush, tropical, exquisitely landscaped grounds, where crashing waves sent ocean mist flying against volcanic rocks, a nearby bay hiding a sunken submarine from the Verne era. There was a tranquil Buddhist-style area for meditation, minarets jutting from a shimmering gold building, a library where the collected works of T.S. Elliot may have been left

open, and a grand piano nestled among the hyacinths surrounding a nearby grotto – but what was so special was that music was everywhere – classical, 30s *le jazz hot*, ethereal ambient music. And if you were lucky, on a Sunday morning, jaynine Scarborough might have been

singing in the nearby café to a crowd of dedicated followers.

You see, jaynine hails from Berlin, so the cabaret style is in her DNA. Her singing was always soulful, her amazing range digging for deep, throaty notes, then rising to the highest falsettos. She sang many of her songs in the original German, but most would be in English, with the occasional French and Italian num-



bers. My heart sank, though, along with countless others, when I heard that Thousand Rooms was closing due, alas, to unaffordable cost increases imposed by the Lindens. By February 2009, it was gone, and all we have to remember it is the work of Lunata Lupino (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gr38SloK-CGE&feature=related>) who, together with many others, was generous enough to create a machinima documenting Thousand Rooms before its demise.

That was years ago, and I lost touch with jaynine and her husky vocals and stimulating, intellectual banter. So you can imagine my delight at a recent party that Rose Borchovski threw to commemorate the closing of her fabulous Susa Bubble installation, when jaynine slipped on her acoustic guitar and began to sing! Sounding better than ever, jaynine sang some of her signature melodies, my favorite being "The Telephone Story". A nostalgic smile spread across my face as she sang the lyrics: "I put a nickel in my telephone, dialed my baby's number got a brrrp brrrp brrrp busy line."

When Rose's long-time girlfriend and always unpredictable SaveMe Oh flew in, surrounded by a fully-furnished living room (it's hard to explain), jaynine broke



into a song "SaveMe". Knowing jaynine, it's quite possible she improvised the song and lyrics on the spot in honor of SaveMe's entrance.

It is fascinating to listen to jazz players deliberately getting lost in their solos, challenging themselves to find their way back to the root, charting previously unexplored territory as they do. Well, jaynine does the same thing vocally. She takes incredible chances. "Oh, no....this isn't going to end well," I remember thinking when jaynine went off in some impossible vocal direction, only to hear her save the day with a stunning recovery. She's continually experimenting. She's



risks everything when she sings. She sings without a net.

Speaking briefly to jaynine between sets, she mentioned to me that Thousand Rooms was back. And so it is, albeit a trimmed-down version of the original, befitting these difficult economic times. But the café is quite nice, with a lovely stage and piano and theatrical overhead lighting. So once again, on those lazy Sunday mornings after you've finished your cappuccino and read the newspaper, you can once again wander back into 1920s Berlin and have a seat. jaynine Scarborough will be on momentarily.

*JM: jaynine, thank you for joining me this afternoon. I was telling our readers about the early days of Thousand Rooms when it was on the Nomanisan sim. It was a real hub of cultural activity. What do you remember most about those halcyon days and how traumatic was it to lose it?*

JS: I mean the whole charm about SL is that the communication is very active and very real. The closure was due to a lot of regulation happening... only 20 people on a low-prim sim. Then adult was separated from mature.

*JM: And then the economics changed also...*

JS: It seemed as if SL would divide into classes that were ruled

by the aim to make profit and the aim to escape the bad rumours in the press about child avatars having sex.

*JM: I remember it being a very "sexy" place too..... Did all the intellectual discourse make people amorous? Smiles.*

JS: The fear is not moving things forward but restricting them. And that changes things. Yes, Nomanisan was sexy in an easy way. For me it's not about bringing people together in order to have sex but creating a sexy communication.





*JM: I had never before seen sensuality brought together with Buddhism, brought together with arts and culture...it really was a unique vision.*

JS: People in SL are incredibly interested in communication and you can shift from sex talk into topics that are intellectually challenging and back to food porn, talk about recipes, etc. Yes, I like the whole eclectic idea of getting body, spirit and intellectual capacities together. I like that in my music too - to shift between genres and change between moods. Like great food, tastes are not in one direction.



I think the shifting is what keeps people moving and awake and open to meeting new ideas. Yes, it was sad because it was a great place.

*JM: It really was.*

JS: Then again, I said to myself we exist in a virtual place, so nothing lasts forever. It's rather like a big extended performance. Still I think it actually took some energy because I became calmer and I was in SL less frequently... but always kept a place to perform.

*JM: What does Thousand Rooms mean?*

JS: Thousand Rooms is a project that I started in early 90s. It's a quest for what my memory is about, my remembrance. It developed from getting to know old mnemotechiques that I used to remember in Rooms.

*JM: A thousand rooms in your memory's horde. That's a lovely image.*

JS: And I studied classical singing, which is also very much a 3-D experience, so I could relate with rooms in a manifold way. This is how Thousand Rooms came up and since then I call everything Thousand Rooms. It's also the group I made here in SL because what connects us are real memories in virtual spaces.



*JM: Many of our readers have had the pleasure of being entertained by you from your studio in Berlin, but for those unlucky few who haven't, please tell me how jaynine became the talented singer she is. What were your earliest musical memories and describe if you would some of the musical crossroads that fashioned you into the wonderfully unique singer you are today.*

*JS: Hmmmmmmm, that's a long evolutionary path. You really want me to tell that? :-)*

*JM: I'd love to hear about the first time one of your parents thrust a tambourine in*

*your hand. "Play jaynine!"*

*JS: I started with folksongs when I was 14, discovered jazz in France when I was 16, and started to take classic singing lessons at 17. By singing classical I discovered how incredibly fulfilling it is to use the body as an instrument, and I had no other idea but to study that. I sang opera, then decided to not become an opera singer for all of my life, but acted more and explored that and then started to write.*

*JM: It sounds as though you immersed yourself in music at a very formative time.*





JS: In all those years I had been teaching singing and soon I felt that this is basically what interests me most - to not only be able to sing but to communicate it and teach.

*JM: Perhaps the acting is what makes you such an engaging entertainer....you're really quite a bit more than just a "singer".*

JS: Then the internet was there and I was writing and I found music rooms in Paltalk, and that brought me to Second Life in 2006. I started to sing over a webcam and what I've always loved is the whole aspect of communication – people

chatting with you as you sing. And it was actually international people in SL who asked me to sing German songs. So I started to deal with what I had never thought I could do... like old German chansons.

*JM: I heard you sing "Volare" in Italian and if I recall, you are equally comfortable singing in French. Let's see – that's English, German, French and Italian. Do you sing in any other languages? You appear not to be limited by national boundaries.*

JS: I also sing Spanish songs. I like different languages and storytelling.

*JM: You sing effortlessly in all these languages....do you speak them too?*

JS: Errr. I do improvise in Japanese too, and sing all with Japanese sentences.

*JM: Smiles brightly.*

JS: But I don't speak Japanese. The European languages I understand, but I am only fluent in English and French.

*JM: You love language because it is musical too, yes?*

JS: To me, text is like music syllables. Yes, and of course the content has to be interesting.





JM: Rhythm... cadence.

JS: But I really have discovered songs in SL that I would have never picked by myself, by people suggesting them. The challenge is to be able to say these words or sing a song that has been performed a million times and try to find your form with it. Language is a form of an avatar, too :-)

JM: Like "Somewhere Over the Rainbow", for instance. I've heard that is the most popular song in history and probably one of the most performed.

JS: Yes. My bird (I have parakeets) died while I was singing this song on the internet. LOL... not because I sang so badly, LOL, but I think he kind of de-

cided this as his moment to die. And of course this memory goes in the song.

JM: You're what I would call a "musician's musician", the person other singers and players would go listen to when they finished their own gigs. Your boundless (if not manic) energy is infectious and audiences respond wildly. You love to entertain, don't you? When did you first realize you had the gift of being able to transport people from their own hum-drum lives into the magical mystery of \*your\* world?

JS: I really find this magical. I mean how these important moments in life happen, and music reflects this by sometimes creating a vision of this magic. I guess I have a strong belief about what is possible as a





creation. I don't think it is me creating it, but music is like gravity - a power that's comparable to nothing else. What I try is actually to lean myself into it - to make music happen and not to be me. So I do not sit there and try to sing well but I try to let the music pass through me and fall into the gravity. And when I am open enough and not vain and not self-conscious (which of course is most of the time), those moments can happen where you feel we just all sit there and listen to it. In that way you might call me some kind of a Buddhist singer, just that my Buddha is music.

JM: That is such a lovely way of expressing it, jaynine. You sometimes use your voice as a musical instrument, doing what might be called scat singing, but not

in the usual sense. When I listen to Cootie Williams' trumpet solo on the Duke Ellington tune, "Caravan", it makes me think of you. You really wish you were a mute trumpet, don't you?

JS: Yes, exactly! I try to feel a mute trumpet in my body :- ) I am still rehearsing my inner trumpet, LOL

JM: \*Laughs\* It's really wonderful...you throw everything you have into your singing.

JS: Yes, and I tell that to my students too. I don't want to hear a well behaved, nice singing person. Life and presence is what gets me, and when you start doing that, any other singing is like a fake moment.

JM: Being well-behaved is not half as much fun as hearing you perform.

JS: LOL

JM: You have a very loyal following here in SL. It must be tremendous fun for you to look out and see old friends. What are your goals for your singing career in SL? What haven't you accomplished yet?

JS: Hmmmmmm... Well, I enjoy exploring more, getting to know more venues and trying to sing different places. It's a time factor since I am very busy professionally as a teacher and my other music activities in so-called RL or first life. I want to





broaden the experience - sing at role play sims or nude beaches. Play with cliches and find space in them is what I mean. One thing is never only one thing.

JM: You have done some dual-streaming (real time audio linking geographically distant singers) before with great success. How do you like that process and who are your favorite singers for dual stream duets?

JS: Oh, I am actually not enough informed to answer that. I only go back into dealing with it. Al Hofman and jooz make this quite successfully I think. Komuso was always very good in dual streaming. I did stream with Astrin Few which was great and try with Reggie now. I also performed together with naftali torok.

JM: It's very challenging technically, but the results are sometimes marvelous.

JS: Yes. I only know the old-fashioned way. This is why I never got into it deeper. It would require a lot of time to get the practice to get it done easily. It's okay. One does not necessarily hear what the other plays ahead of you but with good musicians you can rely on that it sounds great - and sometimes people record.

JM: You need to make a leap of faith!

JS: Yes! LOL. Another challenge in letting go...LOL

JM: Bernie Taupin used to send lyrics to Elton John, who would write a song to fit them. Then Elton would send some music back to Bernie who would write some lyrics to fit the music. When you write songs, what do you start with, the music or the lyrics?

JS: Okay, lyrics. Music is easy for me, but the lyrics are important even when people in the end concentrate on the melody.

JM: jaynine, I know it is late for you, but I would like to thank you so much for taking time out of your schedule to sit with me. It's been fascinating getting to know you better and I'm sure our readers now have their musical appetites whetted.

JS: Thank you. I liked your questions and your patience for my answers :-)

Please take a moment to drop by Thousand Rooms [Thousand Rooms, Dream State (201, 80, 21)], especially on a Sunday morning after you've had your cappuccino and read your newspaper. A wonderful German chanteuse is waiting to enchant you.

\* \* \* \*





# The Girl Opines!

## Jullianna Juliesse

### Just Kids

Perhaps my memory is clouded by nostalgia, but in the good old days, somehow newbies just didn't seem as bad as they are now.

"U wan 2 dance?"

"Ur avatar iz prty."

"Where can I have sex?"

"You give me money now to play this game."

"I have no place to live, so I will stay in your yard."

Ugh.

But, then I remember that we were all new once; none of us emerged as the fully formed, graceful, and well-adjusted folks we became after a period of time. We stumbled clumsily and duck-like around the welcome areas, bumping into walls, and other newbies. We wore bad prim hair and grabbed heinous freebies by the pixel carload. Like immigrants to a new country, we were, for a time, homeless and did not have bank accounts. After all, we were newbies. But then I think back to my real-life grandparents, who braved steerage passage to America a century

*"Why can't they be like we were  
Perfect in every way..."*

*What's the matter with kids today?"*

"Kids," Bye Bye Birdie

ago to create a new life. Like them, we used our resourcefulness and ingenuity to acclimate, assimilate, and create a productive existence. And no, we didn't do it while wearing fluorescent latex hotpants with our size 38 HHH boobs hanging out.

These days, I live a fairly sedate Second Life. I pretty much spend most of my time in the same few places: my home, friends' places, poetry venues, the Chelsea Hotel. The other day, during what felt like the tenth rolling restart in an afternoon, I was diverted to a newbie holding tank, unable to reach home, or to teleport out. Yeah, I could have logged out and gone for a real life run by the beach, but I was overcome with curiosity over this younger generation.

After the mass of silver clouds and grey forms rezzed into some recognizable semblance, I stood cautiously to the side watching the horde of youngsters bounce around the room, and into each other, like pinballs in a pre-video game arcade machine. And the names! Of course, the Lindens have not made their task any



easier with their Totalitarian gesture of taking away last names and making everyone a "Resident" (much like the Ellis Island folks butchered my grandparents' names in 1915), but goodness! A seven-foot lady called "Hot4Yur-Love.Resident" sidled up to someone named "SoulMateforyourLove." I shall not bore you with the rest. Suffice it to say, it was not pretty.

After watching people flying around aimlessly and not finding a suitable place to land, in no specific order, here is a select compendium of things this girl saw:

- A girl with 6-inch red platforms with sparkly bling that made clicky sounds when she walked. Poor thing: She will have bunions in 3 months, given the warp speed of Second Life. Does anyone know of a good podiatrist?
- Vampires prowling the newbie area for fresh newbie blood. No comment.
- Someone dressed in a freebie Santa hat and a Halloween costume. Granted, it is July as I write this but heck, at least she was clothed.
- A naked man with a 3-foot penis. For someone three days old, he has demonstrated remarkably fast genital growth!
- Even worse, another man who had what he wished was a real-life photo of his penis for his RL bio picture. Yuck.

- Another gentleman, who called himself "Captain Internet," while not a newbie, wins bonus points and newbie emeritus status for using a photo of his turd on the seat of the toilet for his profile photo. Bravo!!!

While the influx of newbies into Second Life is what will, ultimately, ensure its survival, one has to wonder: was what I

### Was what I witnessed simply the growing pains of pixel adolescence?

witnessed simply the growing pains of pixel adolescence? Will these folks, in a few

years, assuming they stay, be appreciably different than they are now? Sure, we all have our vices and foibles, but what inner changes will take place to transform them, if any?

Granted, this is coming from a girl who has a dead meeroo on a stick roasting on her outdoor grill, but let's face it, we all have to be a bit skewed fundamentally to stay around this place as long as we have. Eternal optimist that I am, I try to be hopeful for their future Second Lives.

So in closing, I will paraphrase John F. Kennedy's inauguration speech:

"Let the word go forth from this time and place, to friend and foe alike, that the torch has been passed to a new generation of Second Lifers - rezzed in this month, tempered by server crashes, dis-



ciplined by the hard and bitter disregard of the Lindens, proud of our nine-year heritage - and unwilling to witness or permit the slow undoing of those rights to which this Second Life has always been committed, and to which we are

committed today, on the mainland and elsewhere.”

In the meantime, I would be more than happy to provide any newbie with my rolodex of places to find a decent skin and animation override. Just as we did. The rest they will have to figure out on their own.



rez





# Paintings, Poses, a Windmill, and the Pe **The Art of Winte**

## Remarkable stories

have a way of being told backwards, starting with the moment something extraordinary happens, then tracing steps back to tell the story of how this moment came to be. This story is no different.

Photos and Story  
by **Flor Nachtigal**



people

er Nightfire





# I met Winter Nightfire

(C.J. Ross in RL) not very long ago, but we quickly realized that we worked well together in Second Life. Winter is a RL painter, and like me a promoter of art, and so we found we had a lot of common ground.

A few weeks into our friendship, Winter was prompted by another friend, Trill Zapatero, to apply for an SL9B exhibit. The idea, which had not been on Winter's mind at first, grew in stages. She could create a garden, and fill it with paintings, and that was the genesis of the exhibit. She had just finished building a windmill out of prims and decided to put that in the garden as well. Once these elements, the garden, paintings, and windmill came together, it occurred to Winter she had created a focal point for gathering at the top of the build. But what to do with it? She decided the space should be interactive. It could be done by spreading poseballs in front of the paintings, and inviting the public to take photographs of themselves, which she would then pin to the windmill. And

so, the idea of the Paintings and Poses Project was born.

As the project's photographer, I followed the evolution of the garden from the time the build was complete to the end of SL9B. A few days before SL9B opened its doors, Winter applied to be listed in the



SL destination guide and was approved, and by the end we stood in front of a windmill covered with some sixty images her visitors had taken.

Winter invited the public to a look inside her world, and the public came, looked, and showed her how they saw themselves in Winter's work. So, how did this moment of connection come about?



The story begins in Winter's RL high school days, with an art teacher who allowed her considerable freedom with her assignments, giving her the chance to get truly creative. But becoming a painter would wait a few more years until she was exposed to the work of abstract expressionism at the age of 20. From then on, Winter was a painter, and had her first group and solo shows in the San Francisco bay area in 2004. She has exhibited her art continuously since then.

Winter is very much her own painter. She will say the painting is boss and she paints what is compelling to her. But her work is not rooted in any specific style and follows no explicitly stated rules. She learned from beat painters and hippie artists, and if there is any tradition at all in her work, it is that of rebelling against convention. But even in the absence of formal criteria, her painting skills are ever-changing and evolving, particularly in her use of textures and colors.

Some time into Winter's RL art career, a supporter and collector of her work introduced her to Second Life, simply because he thought she would enjoy the

virtual world. It took Winter several months to make the connection between Second Life and art. But once she found the SL art community, borrowed lindens from a friend to pay for her first gallery, and had success with her first exhibit of nude drawings, her course was set.

Winter has been a presence in the SL art scene since then, and has witnessed the changes that evolved over time. Initially,

**She learned from beat painters and hippie artists, and if there is any tradition in her work it is that of rebelling against convention.**

art in SL came mostly from RL sources, but over time, more and more SL-based art started to appear and gradually supplanted RL-based art. And RL-based art has even begun to function differently within SL. Winter points out that Second Life allows

scaling images to whatever size desired. As tall as an avatar, maybe, or as tall as a wall. And she found that the scaling up benefits many of her images, the most striking example being "Agave", which is only 8" x 10" in RL. In SL, the same painting becomes very compelling when scaled very large in SL.

In the face of all these changes, Winter has enjoyed considerable success as an SL artist and gathered a worldwide virtual following. It led to RL sales and Winter expanding her commercial horizons by





shipping paintings all over the world, and by marketing prints.

But a disconnect exists. Her real world followers in San Francisco are not present in SL, while her SL followers are spread all over the world and can't attend her RL showings. Linking these two groups will be a challenge for the future. For now, Winter's efforts focus on building art communities within Second Life. The Paintings and Poses Project we both remember so fondly was the first step in this direction, and more will follow.

Winter is an avid collector of SL art, and was instrumental in organ-

izing the public showing of several SL art collections, in a series of events called "Home Is Where the Art Is". A number of SL art collectors will open their SL homes for a weekend to guided tours. Winter's house will be the inaugural exhibit on August 11-12. Regardless of dates, drawing people into her imagination, challenging creativity and fostering communication and community are things Winter has done for years, and certainly will keep on doing for years to

**But a disconnect exists. Her real world followers in San Francisco are not present in SL, while most of her SL followers can't attend her RL showings.**

come. And so, I keep my camera at the ready for the next creative challenge Winter issues. I don't know what it will be, but I know it will come.

Winter      Nightfire



(C.J. Ross) is available for commissions  
and special projects:

[http://www.linkedin.com/pro-](http://www.linkedin.com/profile/edit?trk=hb_tab_pro_top)  
[file/edit?trk=hb\\_tab\\_pro\\_top](http://www.linkedin.com/profile/edit?trk=hb_tab_pro_top)

And she can be reached via email at:  
[madebycj@gmail.com](mailto:madebycj@gmail.com)

r \* e \* z



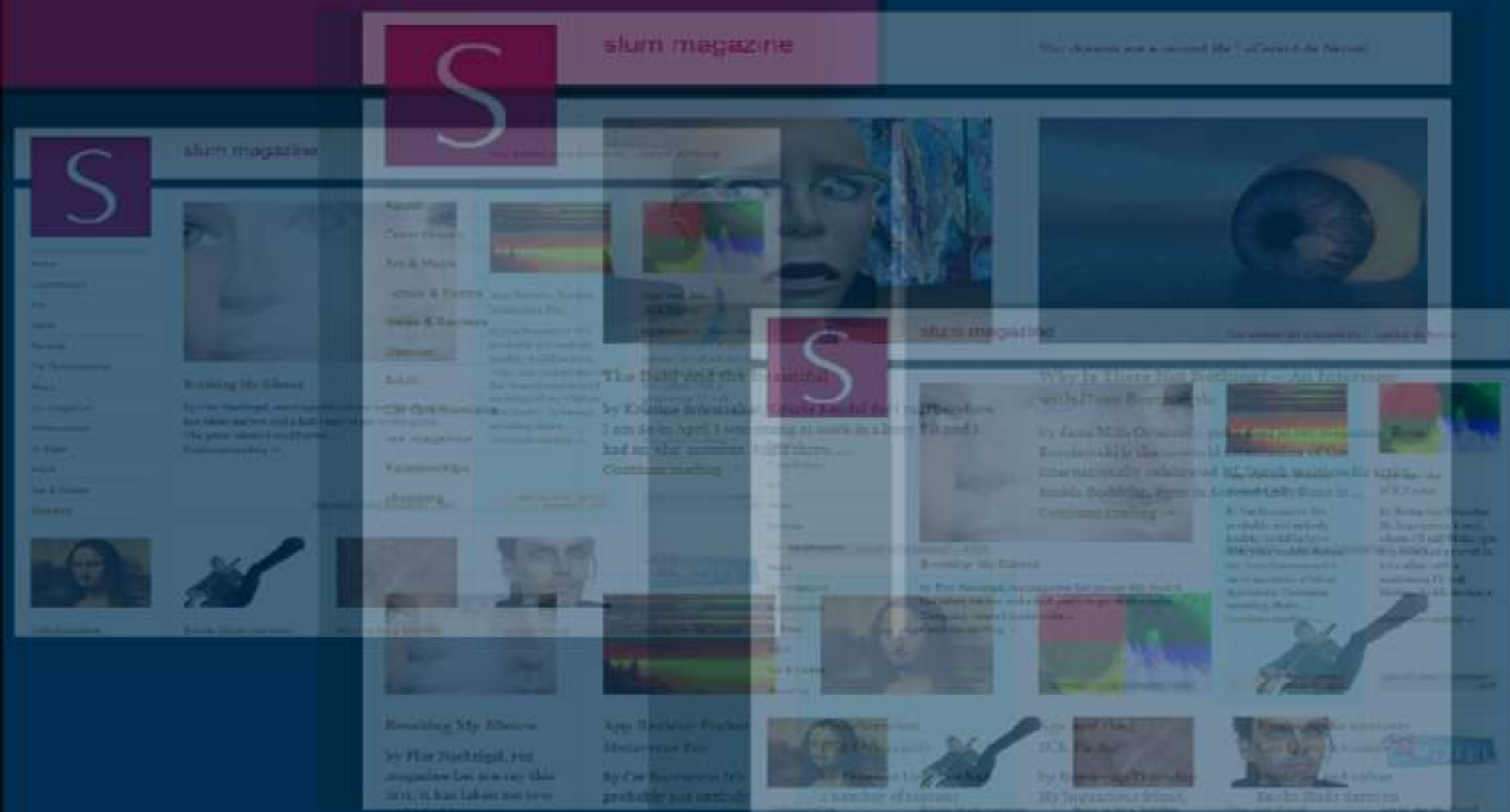


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# *Toot*

## *by Crap Mariner*



I've often been accused of tooting my own horn too much.

This is an outrage!

Unlike others, who do it out in public, I have the decency to reserve a rehearsal room for my tooting sessions.

The more I practice, the better I get.

Or, are they accusing me of not letting others toot my horn?

Why would I let them do that? I paid for it, It's mine. Mine!

And just the thought of your lips on my mouthpiece. Ewwwww!  
Grosssss!

Toot your own damn horn! Leave mine alone!

Now I have to boil the damn thing, you bastards!



# Nude on the Wall

by RoseDrop Rust



The nude on the wall just fascinates me.  
Aloof as a picture, cool, and remote, she.  
In person, beautiful, would she ignore,  
someone like me she's not met before.

It is as it is with so many we meet,  
for privacy's sake we tend to retreat.  
Even our family in photos remote,  
are now seen more as a footnote.

Why is it that we cannot pay attention  
to those in front of us, despite our intention.  
Even though they are just down the hall,  
they are as distant as a nude on the wall.





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